

Who's At Fault?

IN the first five days of November, two persons were killed and fifty injured in automobile accidents in Washington.

The Times asked five people "What causes the large number of traffic accidents in Washington?"

The answers were the same in each case: "Reckless driving."

The writer of this article has spent several hours each day for a week watching traffic in various parts of the city. The result of this observation would tend to show that:

- 1—Washington automobilists are, for the most part, careful drivers.
 - 2—Washington pedestrians are, to an alarming degree, jay-walkers.
- There are two classes of fast drivers—professional chauffeurs and drivers of United States mail wagons.

Inspection of police records reveals that almost none of the accidents in Washington are due to persons in either of these classes.

It is not, then, the fast driver who causes accidents.

If it is the careful driver who participates in mishaps, what is the explanation of the large number?

The Times believes this is the answer: Pedestrians in Washington have not been trained to cross streets properly.

In ninety per cent of cases in which full investigation of fatal accidents has been made, it has been found that "the accident was unavoidable."

Most of these accidents were unavoidable from the point of view of the driver; many of them were directly due to carelessness on the part of the pedestrian.

It is high time that we stopped talking about the recklessness of automobilists and began talking about training ourselves to keep out of accidents through jay-walking. In one day, the observer saw:

A man walking across Pennsylvania avenue at Thirteenth street northwest, reading a paper.

A woman with two small children crossing Fourteenth street at New York avenue across the current of traffic, instead of with it. She was nearly caught between a street car and a truck.

Two women who started to cross Sixteenth street at L street, one of whom stopped midway, the other started back, changed her mind, went on again, and finally stood still, too confused to act. Traffic was halted while they recovered and reached safety.

Two children, their vision completely obscured by an umbrella, playing tit-tat-toe on a writing pad while crossing Sixteenth street at U.

A driver, known to be careful, was asked: "What pedestrians are most dangerous to themselves?"

His response was immediate: "Children, playing on the sidewalks, who dart into the street, and persons who dodge."

Dodging is disconcerting to the driver of an automobile. Keep on your way or stop. Don't jump, don't run. If you maintain a uniform pace across streets, drivers will steer around you. If you dodge, they don't know where you are going.

If the traffic that has been observed for the past week is an indication of conditions in Washington, The Times believes the police and their citizen aids are to be congratulated on conditions as regards drivers of cars.

But The Times respectfully recommends to Captain Headley and to the Motor Corps that they do something at once to train the public how to walk.

We are only just beginning to use automobiles these days.

What will conditions be when there are ten or twenty times as many cars?

Autocracy
of Judges

JUDGE ANDERSON'S assumption of autocratic power to forbid American citizens to do what the law of the land expressly authorizes them to do is more lawless and more dangerous than any mere riot of misguided workers.

A riot can destroy lives and property. But this injunction strikes at the liberties of all of us, and by as much as our liberties are more precious than either life or property, this blow at them is more vicious and abhorrent to right-thinking men than is any riot.

If any statute undertook to forbid workingmen to organize unions in a peaceable manner, that statute would be declared unconstitutional as soon as it was brought into the Supreme Court.

But it happens that not only is there no such a statute, but that there is a statute—the Clayton law—which expressly puts it beyond the power of any court to hold labor unions to be unlawful combinations or conspiracies. That is a Federal law.

So that the ruling of Judge Anderson, who is a Federal judge, will seem to many people to override the Constitution not only, but actually to nullify the terms of an act of Congress whose validity has never been questioned.

We have often and often pointed out that this power to issue injunctions and to imprison men for contempt without trial by jury is a usurped power, a power assumed by the judges, a tyrannical power which has no warrant in the supreme law of the land, and which is fit to be

exercised only in a nation of slaves—and never in a nation of free men.

We do not care a snap of the fingers whether the West Virginia coal miners are wrong or right in their contention with the coal operators. That has nothing to do with the real question, which is—

"Are we free men within the law or are we slaves to the whims and ukases of Federal judges?"

There is just one way to settle the pretensions of these hired servants of ours who sit on judicial benches.

That is to abolish, by statute, the usurped power to issue injunctions and to punish for contempt without trial by jury.

In the meantime this decree of Judge Anderson's should be tested promptly in the higher courts.

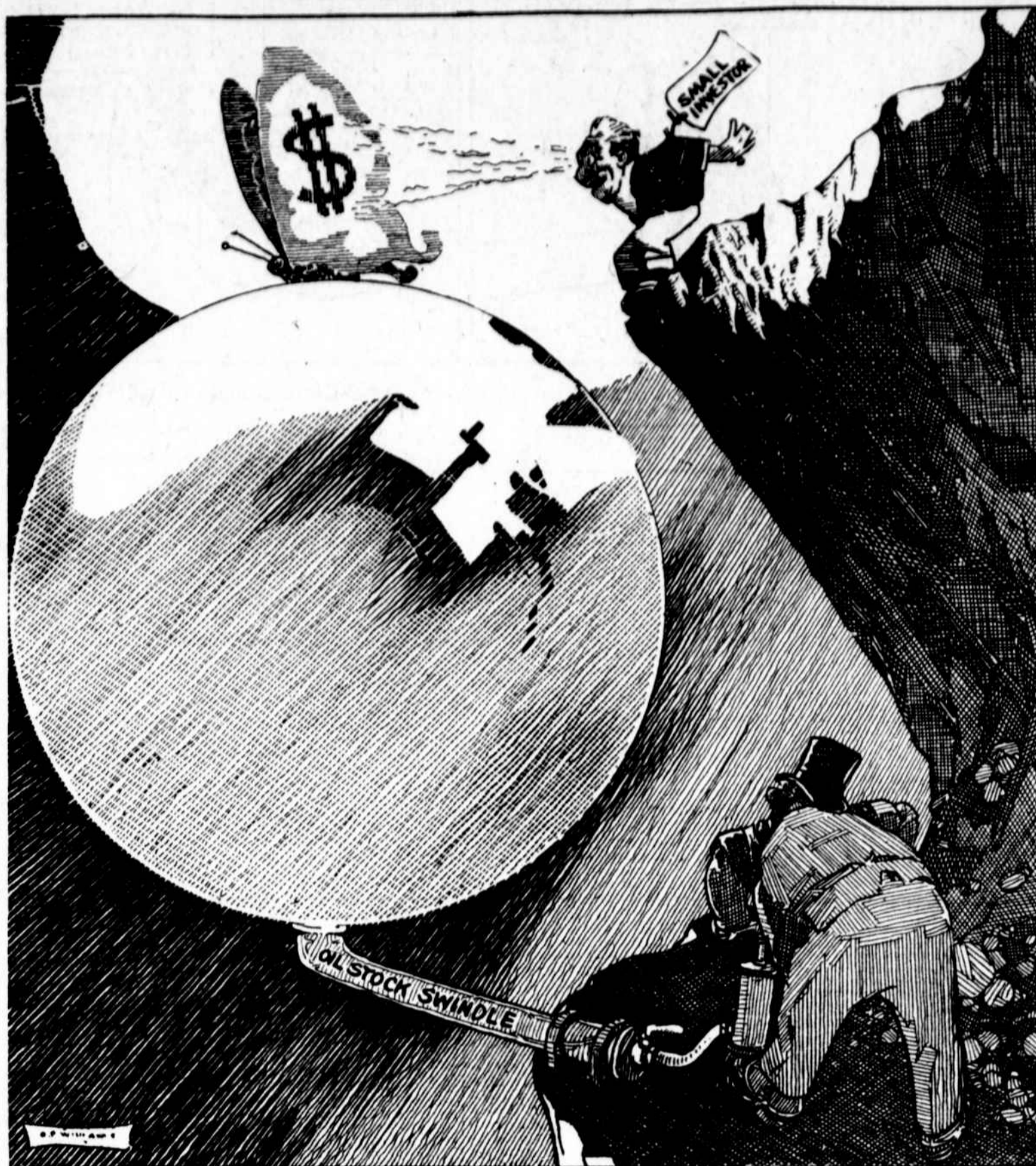
Tax on Motor Boats.

THE Kitchin bill levied a war tax of 10 per cent on the first cost of all new "yachts," under which term it included motor boats save when exclusively operated for business purposes. This tax is assessed once.

In addition, there is an annual user's tax of \$1 a foot on the overall length of each pleasure craft between thirty-two and fifty feet in length.

There are in the United States at least 300,000 small craft used on an average only on week-ends during four months a year by folk of moderate means for purposes of innocent recreation. These war taxes bear crushingly on them and have almost destroyed the small-boat building industry, throwing thousands of skilled artisans out of employment.

WATCH YOUR STEP!



Washington is full of slick agents offering quick riches for small investments. Don't buy stock in anything from a stranger. Better consult your own banker before investing in anything.

THEY'RE HUMAN

BY William Atherton Du Puy

Dr. William Jewett Tucker, one-time president of Dartmouth College, preacher, founder of Andover House settlement work in Boston, tells of the time when he went up into Vermont and lived at a farmhouse for a wonderful summer.

Everything about the place was exactly to his liking with the exception of the lack of the appearance of personal cleanliness on the part of the cook and the proximity of the dining room to the pig pen.

So when the next summer came around, after visualizing all the possible places for spending a vacation, his mind wandered back to the Vermont farm. He took his pen in hand and wrote the farmer, bargaining for board, and at the same time stating his two objections to the place.

By return post came a letter from the farmer. The outstanding message it bore was couched in the following words:

"Hannah has went," said the farmer, "and there ain't been a hog on the place since you left."

When Mike McNally, of the Yankees, performed the unusual feat of stealing home during the recent World Series, it was an unkind stab to Hughey Jennings.

You see Mike came from Minooka, right near Scranton and a neighbor town of Pittston, and Hughey Jennings is from the same settlement. The Irish colony of that vicinity is the greatest breeding place for baseball players in the United States. Steve O'Neil, catcher for Cleveland, originated there, and he has both brothers and uncles in the game.

Hughey Jennings gave McNally his first big chance with the Detroit team. He nursed the player from his own home town, but finally gave him up and sold him to the Yankees. And Hughey was a factotum with the Giants when the boy from Minooka, playing with the enemy, stole home in the first game of the big series. It was unkind to Hughey.

The first swallow that heralded the approach of the disarmament season down in Washington was Mr. Seigo Watanabe, a newspaper correspondent of Tokio, who is about the size of Wesley Barry. Then there appeared S. Kamio, of Osaka, likewise a writer. They were both all fixed up with American college educations.

Once-Overs

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MONEY AND THE WIFE.

By J. J. MUNDY.

Mr. Married Man, you would be quite indignant if your wife asked you to give an account of every dollar you spent. But if she asks you for a dollar you are quiet and agreeable if she does not tell you at once what she intends doing with it. As long as you do not tell her what you spend, why should you ask her for what she has spent her money?

You cannot treat your wife as a child, making her give an accounting of every little penny she parts with.

Now be honest, how would you take it if your wife spent as much as you do foolishly?

Would you stand for it without making strenuous objections?

Why do you not want her to quiz you about the expenditures you make?

You say you pay the bills when she goes out with you—why, of course.

Well then, she cannot be always out with you and she has dealers and certain demands made on her as a member of society, which causes her to spend money when she is not out with you. Do you consider you have more rights with the family income than she?

Is this the way you look at your wife's side of the money question?

K. MILLER

His Editorial

On

WOODFILL.

SAM WOODFILL, America's meanest hero, settles all rag-chewing as to what, when and how to label the boys who lost the war for Germany.

"SAM" is a good, robust monicker which will stand without hitching. It will weather the test of future wars about to be calendered by the world's champion chin g' ts.

THEM what looked beans in the face three times a day so America could evade the bonus issue, don't care to be called by any contraito names lifted from a co-educational index of bifurcated pronouns.

SAM ate nineteen Germans in one meal. Then he rattled their bones at rest of the goose-footed Heinies who retired purely on Sam's reputation as a cannibal extraordinaire. The carnage was awful.

"DOUGHBODS," "Yank-ees," "Buddies" and "Sammies" are terms too endearing and sweet-scented to stand the moths of time. Plain "SAM" without any mayonnaise or Roquefort ought to survive the pulling and hauling of the horn-rimmed historians.

STRAFFING Germans isn't all the things Woodfill inherited medals for. Didn't he digest doughnuts and tough-tack without a whimper? If he hasn't grabbed a Mautese Cross for growing callouses on his head with one of those laminated lids, then he got short-changed in the souvenir department.

THE two-fisted demon ever who ever exchanged glances with a machine-gun muzzle, he always retreated forward without thought to the lives of his antagonists.

WOODFILL hung around where the hornets were the thickest and the mud made to match. The gorillas he didn't shoot outright died while they took it on the larm to the grave yard. Germany knew there was a war then.

SAM was dragged with the Fourragere for conspicuous galloping in the heels of the enemy. There's one piece of rope Senator Watson can't pick some flaws in.

THAT night when the Teutons footed retreat, nineteen Fritzies were absent without leave.

Humility

By Angela Morgan

IT'S easy to be humble When you've found your place in life. With everyone a-tumble To sound the drum and file. It's nice to be forgetful And to minimize the load When you've traveled to the ending Of the hot and dusty road.

But pulling up the hillsides— Ah, that's a different thing! It isn't quite so simple then To smile and joke and sing. It simply isn't possible To cry your howls down And make believe you're nothing But an ordinary clown.

No purchaser would take your wares If he believed it true, And everyone who really cares Would say "twas up to you To put the best foot forward And never to admit Your trials and deficiencies But show your common grit.

It's very well to lie a bit And talk of "humble me!" When everybody knows that it Is false as false can be. So when you say "humility" Just spell it with a wink. For the world is full of plutocrats Less humble than you think.

Oh, it's nice to spin the narrative Of how you once were poor When finally the grizzly wolf Has vanished from your door. But while the wolf is howling there, Believe me—never tell! Just spread the news you're feeling fit, And shout that all is well!

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Stars and Stripes

Shower of Frogs.

During a thunderstorm at Gibraltar a shower of frogs fell. Thousands of these small hopping creatures, unusual at the Rock, were to be seen in the hedges, and they aroused much curiosity. Seven years ago a similar phenomenon occurred.

Where Hail-Storms Start.

The starting point of a hail-storm is a layer of air laden with water-vapor. This passes through varying degrees of temperature, which first freeze the particles of water and then melt them and refreeze them, adding other particles.

"Cut to the Nth."

This phrase signifies wholly, or to the utmost degree, unnoticed by a friend. The expression is taken from a mathematical formula, where n stands for any number. "Cut to the nth, plus one, signifies more than any number.

Many an advanced thinker never advances a thought.

The best way to trim one of those wide, floppy hats is with a pair of shears.

Half the world doesn't know where the other half get their automobiles.

Historic Sayings No. 4.

Jug not that ye be not jugged—VOLSTEAD.

Once there was a woman who got dressed in time—but the clock was two hours' fast.

A strange thing happened in Central America the other day. One of the presidents down there died a natural death.

You can tell a good carpenter by his chips and a good poker player the same way.

Possibility of a 5-Cent Car Fare in District

By BILL PRICE.

Statesmen who inaugurate legislation for the District of Columbia in the House can not well be accused of having visions. Yet some of them, in considering long-pending legislation for solution of the street car problems of Washington, hold out vague promises that "large financial interests" are preparing to enter this field, merge all the conflicting interests, and give us a 5-CENT CAR FARE.

Action has once more been delayed pending developments by the alleged concern which is to confer upon the car-riding public such wonderful blessings.

The first and most apparent thing is that Congress can not compel a merger of street railway and other interests and could not force existing companies to turn their properties over to a new company. It could merely authorize such a transaction, which might possibly be completed, as things now look, within the next eight or ten years. The hundreds of stockholders of the two companies operating in this field are the ones who must sanction a merger or agree to dispose of their holdings to a new company. And the bondholders would have something to say in any deal involving the values of their investments.

Those Congressmen who are fighting for municipal ownership of Washington's street car lines are, therefore, far-seeing when they declare that the latest talk is plain legislative procrastination.

Greater New York only recently solved her transportation complications by an enforced consolidation of all street railways—surface, underground and overhead—into one great system, to be owned by **THE PEOPLE**, who are the city of New York.

Moreover the outcome of the consolidation is a guaranteed 5-CENT FARE and FREE TRANSFERS. Here we have an 8-cent cash fare and pay for transfers between the competing lines.

If this can be done in New York, the center of vested interests in the United States, and newspapers notoriously representative of property rights praising it in highest terms, why can't municipal ownership be provided in the District of Columbia?

City ownership here has long stood out as the simplest and easiest solution of a tangle which Congress has been dallying with for years. The heads of the local street railways admit that Congress has full power to take over transit properties here at fair value and do with them as it sees fit. As to practically all the other propositions before Congress the heads of the roads smile, because they know they will either amount to nothing in compelling relief for the public, or will be so full of legal flaws as to invite overturning in the courts.

The old bogey of Government ownership is frightening lots of Congressmen who realize that the one satisfactory solution here is municipal ownership. In many instances, too, there's a wholesome fear that "big interests" back home would condemn men who voted for street railways to be owned by the people of Washington.

Every encouragement should be given Congressional advocates of city ownership of local lines to go ahead in their fight. They have all the logic and common sense of the situation with them. Their numbers have increased rapidly in the last year and will continue to increase.

Willoughby Goes to Russia

MR. CHARLES M. WILLOUGHBY, of Washington, will leave soon for Russia to become assistant to Col. W. N. Haskell, director of the American Relief Commission.

We hope that Mr. Willoughby will be given an opportunity to see Russia. We hope that he may be permitted to tell the world of the conditions in Russia in which America is vitally interested. Mr. Willoughby is a keen observer of men and events. He will find the truth about Russia, and, if permitted, will be able to tell it without prejudice.

Mr. Willoughby is not going to Russia as a publicity man; but, as a former newspaper man, he will be sure to keep his eyes open. When he comes back, we are likely to get the truth about Russia.